
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

OCTOBER, 1822.

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

ROBERT, second Marquis and Earl of Londonderry, Viscount Castlereagh, Baron of Londonderry, K. G. F. R. S. &c. was the second, but only surviving son of the first Marquis of Londonderry, by his first wife, Lady Sarah Frances Seymour Conway, sister of the late Marquis of Hertford. His father died April 8th, 1821*.

The subject of the following memoir was born June 18th, 1769; consequently he was in the fifty-third year of his age. He distinguished himself when a boy by great decision and intrepidity of character. It is recorded of him, that in a boat excursion with his tutor, to whom he was much attached, the latter having fallen by accident into the water, careless

* The family of the Marquis, which was originally Scotch, (being a branch of the Lennox family) settled in Ireland in the reign of James I. who granted to his kinsman — Stewart, Duke of Lennox, and his relations, that large tract of land in the County of Donegal, lying between Lough Foyle, and Lough Swilly, (forfeited during his reign and that of Queen Elizabeth), which he erected into eight Manors, two of which he granted to the Duke of Lennox, and one, by the name of the Manor of Stewart's Court, together with the territories and precincts of Ballyreagh, to John Stewart, Esq. and his heirs for ever; which manor, with the whole of the lands annexed to it, descended in regular lineal succession to the late Marquis. On this manor the said John Stewart erected

of danger, he plunged into the river, and was the happy instrument of rescuing him from a premature grave. He received his early education at Armagh, under Archdeacon Hurrock; and at the age of seventeen was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge. After remaining the usual period at the University, he made a tour on the Continent, and on his return to his native country, entered on that political career which has since been so successful. Early in life, his lordship evinced a desire to engage in public affairs. His noble father determined to afford a youth of so much promise the amplest opportunities of displaying his talents, and he was scarcely twenty-one years of age when he was, in the year 1791, elected member of the Irish Parliament for the County of Down. The election was warmly contested, and the success of it cost his father no less a sum than £30,000. He joined the opposition, and his maiden effort was a speech in support of the right of Ireland to trade with India on free principles. He also signalized himself as a strenuous advocate for Parliamentary Reform, and if not a member of the Society of United Irishmen, established at Belfast, in 1792, he sanctioned the principles on which it was originally founded, and was on terms of intimacy and friendship with some of its leading members.

Some years afterwards, the politics of his lordship underwent a total change; and on procuring a seat in the British House of Common, he took his station in the Ministerial phalanx, and on the 29th of October, 1795, seconded the Address in answer to his Majesty's Speech. In the year 1797, his services were again transferred to the Irish Parliament; on the 25th of July, the same year, he was appointed Keeper

the castle of Ballylawn, and settled it with Protestant inhabitants, whereby he became intitled to hold a Court Baron, with other ample privileges. The great-grandson of this John Stewart, and great-grandfather of the late Marquis, Colonel William Stewart, of Ballylawn Castle, raised a troop of horse at his own expense, during the siege of the city of Londonderry by King James II. and was of essential service to the Protestants, by protecting those who were well affected to King William, and checking the depredations of King James's army, whose supplies he completely cut off on that side, and considerably cramped the operations of the siege.

of the Privy Seal of Ireland, and on the 14th of October following, one of the Lords of the Irish Treasury. In April, 1798, he succeeded Mr. Pelham (the present Earl of Chichester) as chief secretary to Earl Camden, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and on the 19th of December, in the same year, was sworn a member of the Privy Council. He continued to hold the office of chief secretary under Marquis Cornwallis, who succeeded Earl Camden, and was mainly instrumental in accomplishing the Union between Great Britain and Ireland. Few public men were pursued through their political career with more personal rancour than this lamented statesman. Even his bitterest enemies now declare, that the benignity of his lordship's nature, as well as the history of all the other parts of his life, forbid them to believe that the Irish Government, with Lord Castlereagh as its secretary, had any connexion in the cruelties alleged to have been committed in effecting the Irish Union. But to resume our narrative:—

His lordship took his seat in the United Parliament as member for the County of Down. Under the Sidmouth administration, on the 6th of July, 1802, he was appointed President of the Board of Controul, which situation he retained under Mr. Pitt, who succeeded Lord Sidmouth. In 1805, he was made Secretary for the War and Colonial Departments. As he advanced in preferments, he would seem to have become less a favorite with his original constituents; for, after a long and expensive contest, he lost his election for Down on being made Minister of War, and was obliged to come in for Boroughbridge. On the death of Mr. Pitt, he resigned with the rest of his colleagues, to make way for the Fox and Grenville Administration. Upon their expulsion, in 1807, he resumed his situation as Minister of War, in which he continued until the ill-starred Walcheren Expedition, and his duel with Mr. Canning, drove him from office. These events excited much interest at the time, and were expected to be the prelude to many disasters to this country. It is well known, that about the middle of the year 1809, a hostile meeting took place between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning. His lordship charged Mr. Canning with want of faith and honor towards him, that Mr. Canning had obtained a promise, on his personal solicitation,

that Lord C. should be removed from office,—and that with this promise in his pocket, he not only concealed the whole affair from Lord Castlereagh, but permitted him to remain in this state of delusion, and to engage in a new expedition of the most important, extensive, and complicated nature, under the full persuasion that he enjoyed Mr. Canning's liberal and *bonâ fide* support, as a co-operating colleague. Mr. Canning answered the demand for a meeting without delay. The conduct of the noble lord was that of a man of high honor.

His lordship consistently followed the general policy of Mr. Pitt. Early in 1812, he succeeded the Marquis Wellesley as Minister of Foreign Affairs, which office he filled during the remainder of his life. In this highly important station, he continued to enjoy the ample confidence of his sovereign and his colleagues. Our continental missions were placed entirely under his disposition. His noble presence, and the dignity of his manners, fitted him for the association of Kings. As Plenipotentiary Extraordinary to the Congress of Allied Sovereigns at different times, his conduct as the representative of this great nation has been the theme of much praise.

With regard to his private character, the Marquis of Londonderry was a man of unassuming manners, of simple tastes, and of kind and generous dispositions. Towards the poor he was beneficent; in his family, mild, considerate, and forbearing. He was firm to the connexions and associates of his earlier days, not only those of choice, but of accident, when not unworthy; and to promote them, and to advance their interests, his efforts were sincere and indefatigable. In power he forgot no service rendered to him while he was in a private station, nor broke any promise, expressed or implied, nor abandoned any friend who claimed or merited his assistance. Whatever may have been the opinion of the world as to his political character, in his retirement at North Cray, he was the most amiable and beloved of men. Here he was the benefactor of the poor, the consoler of the afflicted, and the distributor of charities unbounded. To his domestics he was the kindest master. "Alas!" was the observation of each of them on the evening of his decease, "we have lost the best friend we ever had—we were too happy in his

service." To the village of North Cray, he was a liberal contributor in every improvement. The few inhabitants it contains look upon his death as the greatest calamity that could befall them, and they are loud in the expression of their sorrows. It was impossible to find a more amiable example of private life than the Marquis exhibited at this place; thither he fled from political contests. Harassed in the world by enemies to his measures, he seemed determined at home to make every one around him a *friend*; and well and fully he succeeded. In every act of kindness, in every step of bounty or of charity, his amiable Marchioness was his constant companion; and now prayers for her, and invocations of blessings on her head, accompany all the expressions of sorrow from the people for his lordship's loss.

Such a man must have been regarded as the last person in the world to yield to nervous weakness, to lowness of spirits, or debility of mind; nor was there any thing in the present conjuncture of affairs to call forth apprehension,

"He fell not in the battle,

No tempest gave the shock."

The same man, who amid the terrors of insurrection, the fears of invasion, the mighty triumphs of an implacable enemy, and the arduous negotiations for the re-establishment of social order in Europe, had stood fearlessly and proudly erect—the same man, in a period of calm and quietness, in the flower of his age, has been struck to the earth by a disorder as lamentable as it was unexpected. The accumulated effect of long years of toil, operating by slow, but certain, degrees, has developed itself in an instant; and the intellectual frame has fallen into ruins before any one could suspect that it was undermined. So frail is the edifice of human happiness here below! And these great and awful lessons are from time to time held out to us—not that we should undervalue the mighty obligations which we owe to the great men of our age; not that we ourselves should slacken our course in the path of public duty; but that we should know and feel, that the true object of all our exertions here, is placed in another and better state of existence.

His lordship married, in 1794, Amelia Hobart, youngest daughter and co-heiress of John, second Earl of Buckinghamshire; and departed this life August 12th, 1822, at which

time he represented in parliament the County of Down. Dying without issue, he is succeeded in his title and estates by his half-brother, Charles W. Vane Stewart, K. G. C. B. &c. who is now Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Vienna; and who was created a peer in 1814, with the title of Baron Stewart, of Stewart's Court, in the County of Donegal.

ALFRED THE GREAT'S CLOCK.

To compute time, Alfred caused six wax tapers to be made, each twelve inches long, and of as many ounces in weight; on these tapers he ordered the inches to be regularly marked; and having found that one of them burned just four hours, he committed the care of them to the keepers of his chapel, who from time to time gave due notice how the hours went. But in windy weather the candles were more wasted; to remedy this inconvenience, he invented lanthorns, there being then no glass to be met with in his dominions. In the mean time, and during this period, the Persians imported into Europe a machine which presented the first rudiments of a striking clock. It was brought as a present to Charlemagne from Abdallah, King of Persia, by two monks of Jerusalem, in the year 800. "Among other presents," says Eginhart, "was an horloge of brass, wonderfully constructed by some mechanical artifice, in which the course of the twelve hours, *ad elepsydram vertebator*, with as many little brazen balls, which at the close of each hour, dropped down on a sort of bells underneath, and sounded the end of the hour. There were also twelve figures of horsemen, who when the twelve hours were completed, issued out at twelve windows, which till then stood open, and returning again, shut the windows after them." He adds, "that there were other curiosities in this instrument which it would be tedious to recount." It is to be remembered, that Eginhart was an eye witness of what is here described; and that he was an abbot, a skilful architect, and very learned in the sciences.

Warton's Dissertation on the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe.

CROYLAND ABBEY ;**A TALE, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARRIAGE."***(Continued from page 130.)*

Its glories are no more. The scythe of Time
And sterner hand of man, have wrought its fall,
And laid its honors in the dust.

WHEN order was in some degree restored, Guthlac approached his uncle, and reported to him that Alburgh, though severely, was not considered to be dangerously, wounded; and requested his further orders as to his treatment. "By right," returned Egbert, "he is your prisoner, consequently he lies at your disposal." "If such be the case," replied Guthlac, a vivid blush overspreading his countenance, "then let it be my study to shew him all the attention that lies in my power; but how can I attend properly to his wants here? Suffer me, my dear uncle, to entreat for him the care of my aunt; he can easily be removed to Castle Burgh, where he will be treated with the respect due to his rank, and with the tenderness necessary to his recovery." Egbert mused for a moment, and then gave his consent to the arrangement. "Your goodness emboldens me to make another and an earnest request," cried Guthlac, with some hesitation, casting his bright eyes on the ground; then suddenly remembering that his uncle was waiting the conclusion of his speech, raising them with encreased animation, he continued with more than his usual rapidity, "He is a soldier, and a brave one—the chances of war alone have given me an advantage over him. When he knows by whom he has been conquered—that a boy has wrought this disgrace, he will feel doubly the mortification of his defeat; let the circumstance then be unknown to him, and allow him to suppose that a worthier arm than mine prevailed over his prowess." Half ashamed of what he had uttered, and afraid that he had in reality, though unintentionally, paid a compliment to his own merit, he stopped in confusion. The eyes of Brithmer glistened with delight, as he regarded the earnestness

of the modest and gallant speaker. "Noble-minded boy," murmured he, in a tone which spoke to the heart of Guthlac, "a greater than Alburgh would have little cause to blush at owning a defeat to thee." Guthlac turned his eloquent countenance towards him. "If there be any degree of bliss sweeter than another," cried he, "it is to receive approval from lips we venerate and love; the remembrance of your approbation shall act as a talisman on future occasions, and the memory of my father's friend shall be as that of my father himself—a beacon to light me on to glory and renown."

Egbert had not remained an insensible spectator of what had passed, but though he inwardly granted his nephew the admiration that he deserved, he was silent. His mind was, in fact, occupied in the contemplation of a new project that had suggested itself, and he had ceased to speak some minutes ere he made any reply to his request. Disappointed in the first instance, by Guthlac's unexpected opposition to his mother's wishes, it was long ere he could reconcile himself to the loss of power, which was the consequence of that opposition. The bravery and modesty of that noble youth had, however, gradually softened his prejudices, and he had too much knowledge of the world to be insensible of the advantages which the shining qualities of the youthful hero, combined to his acknowledged rank, were likely to produce. He, therefore, devised a scheme in his own imagination by which he should still retain the wealth and power he so much coveted, in his own family; but he determined to confine it to his breast till circumstances had sufficiently matured it to prevent a probability of a second mortification. Smiling graciously upon Guthlac, he expressed his approbation of what he had urged, and added that it was his will that he himself should escort his royal prisoner to the castle, where he should remain a short time till every apprehension of his recovery should be removed. As there was no likelihood of active operations taking place for the present, (even allowing that a peace was not the result of the king's capture, and the recent decisive victory, an event which was generally anticipated) Guthlac received this commission without reluctance, and immediately set about its execution with his accustomed promptitude.

Anxious to remain concealed from Alburgh, he changed the suit of armour which he was in the habit of wearing for one of a different color, and instead of the well-known snowy plume, which usually adorned his helmet, he assumed the sable one of his uncle; thus equipped, he found with pleasure, upon entering into the king's presence, that the latter appeared to have no recollection whatever of his person. With scrupulous and delicate care, he attended to all the wants of his prisoner, from whom however, he received no returning mark of gratitude or conciliation. Sullen, morose, and impatient under every testimony of respect that was shewn him, he would have wearied the kindness of a less gentle nature than Guthlac's; as it was the behaviour that the latter would have condemned in himself as unpardonable, or which if exerted towards another, he would have regarded with indignation, passed unnoticed, or drew from him only a sensation of pity. Alburgh seldom deigned to speak, and then rarely but to express his discontent: if unobserved, he would occasionally fix a scrutinizing look upon Guthlac, but if their glances met, he instantly averted his eyes, and studiously avoided him. Guthlac naturally conceived that he had some suspicion of the truth, and guessed him to be the person with whom he had fought, and whose name he had once inadvertently acknowledged that he wished to learn; he felt concerned at this idea, and as far as was consistent with honor, endeavored to destroy the impression, and not, he flattered himself, without success.

When they had arrived within a short distance from the castle, Guthlac rode forward to apprise his aunt of the approach of her distinguished guest. It was still very early; the sun had but newly risen, and the clouds were yet streaked with the brilliant and various colors that had marked his first appearance. The young leaves of the stately trees (for it was Spring) and the tender blades of the grass were studded with gems, which glittered in the eyes of the beholder; the distant wood echoed with the song of innumerable birds, while the solitary lark, forsaking its dewy nest, carolled over his head its thrilling notes of joy. The fleecy vapor still curled over the bosom of the deep lake, or being occasionally divided by a stronger current of air, it displayed the calm surface of its water scarcely moved by a ripple, or agitated

only by the gambols of its active inhabitants; on its banks the lambs were sporting by the side of their mothers, as they eagerly cropped the green and refreshing herbage. Guthlac dismounted, and paused to contemplate the scene; throwing back his helmet, he stood uncovered, the fresh breeze playing over his cheek, and parting the rich curls that waved over his forehead; he looked with delight around him while sensations of gratitude, affection, and devotion, glowed in his breast and irradiated his countenance. "Oh! nature!" cried he, "how lovely art thou! but ah! how far more gracious is the hand that formed thee! How strange is the infatuation, and how blind the presumption, of that man who shall dare to ascribe to chance the operations of omnipotent Goodness, and who shuts his senses against the accumulated evidence that surrounds him! Creation breathes a language which none can mistake! surely all speak their divine origin, all proclaim the existence of a God, and render him mute, but expressive, homage; all invite him for whose enjoyment they have been called into life, to join in praise, or chide the ungrateful heart, that can remain untouched amidst such a display of mercy and of love." Warmed by his own reflections, he knelt down, and with more than his usual earnestness, performed his accustomed orisons. As he arose, a slight movement, accompanied by a deep but involuntary sigh, attracted his notice; he turned hastily round, blushing at the thought of being observed, though not ashamed of his previous occupation. As he did so, his eyes encountered those of a female intently fixed upon him: she appeared to have emerged from a thicket that grew beside him, and which was at the entrance of the footpath that led to the castle. There was no possibility of mistaking the features of the lovely intruder, and with a joyful exclamation, Guthlac saluted his cousin. A brighter color tinged the cheek of Pega, as she replied to his affectionate enquiries, and with a downcast eye and tremulous voice, she began an apology for having disturbed him. "You have not disturbed me," said he, with a smile of peculiar sweetness; and taking her hand, he drew her arm within his with an intention of walking with her to the castle, while he slung the bridle of his horse on the other; "you could not have come at a more acceptable time than the present when my mind was attuned to admire and

love all that is estimable in creation. Surely the sight of one who is dear to us, is never more welcome than when with purified heart and affections, arising from the footstool of grace, we are able to renew the testimonies of former affection, and to hope for a blessing upon feelings which emanated from the Deity himself."

"But if such be the meeting of friends here," returned Pega, catching his animation, "ah! what will be the delight of recognition in those abodes of which this earth, lovely as it is, is but a faint picture! then indeed will joy be made perfect, and then will the heart receive its full measure of bliss." She paused, and for a few moments, walked by his side in silence. Guthlac regarded her with interest; a feeling, however, of no common description, softened the lustre of her dark eyes, and woke the smile that played on her parted and beautiful lip, and as Guthlac gazed on her, he was sensibly struck with the improvement which time had made in her appearance since he last saw her. She was, in fact, a being whom it was impossible not to admire, although her beauty was of that peculiar cast which it is difficult to define. It was neither the regularity of her features, nor the symmetry of her figure, exquisite as they both were, which attracted notice, but whoever beheld her countenance once, was irresistibly led to repeat his observation, though it still left him in doubt whether it was the expression or the lineaments of her face that most delighted him.

Guthlac now enquired to what chance he was indebted for encountering her at so early an hour. She quickly replied, that it was her usual practice to walk out before her mother had risen; but that tempted by the beauty of the morning, she had left her couch before her accustomed time, and had strayed further than she had at first intended. "I am as great a lover of nature as yourself," added she, "and, like you, feel its influence in every fibre of my heart. The clouds that roll over my head, the green turf that springs under my feet, the spreading bough of Summer, or the withered leaf of Autumn, the murmur of the soft breeze in Spring, or the roar of the mighty tempest in Winter, all delight and charm me, supply society when I am alone, or wake devotion when I am indifferent. I sigh not for a more extended

knowledge of a world whose pains and joys I have heard so differently described; nor do I conceive that pleasure can ever wear so sweet a form as it does in these woods and vales, or friendship so sweet a garb as it does in the person of my mother." "May a knowledge of the world," replied Guthlac, warmly, "never contaminate sentiments so pure, so true to nature. My acquaintance with the world is little more extended than your own; the occupations of war allow but little scope for observation and reflection; and even if they did, he that forms his opinion from a knowledge of one branch of community alone must necessarily lead false conclusions, and imbibe prejudices, which must entirely subvert his judgment. We have both much to learn; but of this I am quite sure—no artificial acquirement can ever equal in value genuine feeling, nor any grace of polished society compensate for the loss of correct principle. But how heartily would some of our friends laugh at the gravity of our discourse," added he, gaily, "if they could overhear us, and, indeed, unless we hasten, I shall have no opportunity of saluting my dear aunt before my charge arrives."

They now quickened their pace, and in a few moments reached the castle, at the great steps of which the Lady Gunilda was impatiently waiting for them, her attendant having already recognized the companion of her daughter. Guthlac sprang forward to meet her affectionate embrace, and amidst joyful smiles, mixed with not unpleasing tears, was conducted by her into the hall. Very soon recovering her wonted animation, Gunilda entreated a more circumstantial account of the late battle than had yet reached her; a request which Guthlac, as far as his modesty would permit, complied with. His narrative was frequently interrupted by her earnest ejaculations; but when he concluded by repeating his wishes to remain concealed from his prisoner, she, in warm terms, expressed her approbation of his conduct. Willing to escape from encomiums, however deserved, or dear to him, Guthlac turned with a view of directing his conversation to Pega alone; but the bright smile of approval that he encountered gave a check to his words, and dyed his cheek with a suffusion as deep as her own. His confusion, however, was but momentary, and with his usual

ease, he concluded his account. Just as he had finished, he heard the sound of horses' feet, and started up. "Here is our royal guest," cried he, "I hope he will hereafter be sensible of what his good fortune has procured for him; but at present I fear you will find him even more untractable and troublesome than myself on a former occasion." He quitted the hall as he spake, and hastened into the court, where he formally received Alburch, and conducted him to the apartment appropriated to his use.

(To be continued.)

PETER THE GREAT.

ONE of the Czar's architects, named Le Blond, a Frenchman, and a very honest man, had by some means incurred the displeasure of Menzicaff, who was resolved to do him an ill turn. Peter was extremely fond of his gardens, which he had planted with his own hands: Menzicaff took advantage of his master's absence to write him word, that Le Blond, in spite of all the remonstrances he had made him, had just cut down the trees in those very gardens. This statement was at once true and false; Le Blond had cut them, but only the higher branches which intercepted the view; he had also topped them, an operation by which they are preserved. The Czar never thought of this distinction, and not imagining Menzicaff would convey to him so gross a falsehood, arrived in great fury at Peterhoff, where the first object he saw was Le Blond; hastening to meet him, he instantly gave him a violent blow with his cane. Le Blond, more wounded with the affront than with the blow, returned to his house, where he fell ill of a fever, which nearly cost him his life. The Czar examined his gardens, and seeing all the trees standing, and simply topped, sent to make his excuses to Le Blond, and being informed he was ill, ordered every possible care to be taken of him. Upon the stairs of the castle, he met Menzicaff, and reproached him with his gross deceit. Menzicaff tried to excuse himself; but the Czar still persisted in charging him with falsehood, and telling him Le Blond was ill, seized him by the collar, and dashed him against the wall, saying, "You alone, rascal, are the cause of his illness."

MADAME COTTIN'S PELISSE.

AN ANECDOTE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF N. BOUILLY.

(Concluded from page 144.)

"My good woman, I fear you will be weary in the midst of so many people." "I, ma'am!" replied the unknown, "I am never weary." "If you will go into the next room, you will find somebody to amuse you; my mother's waiting woman is a very pleasant person, about your own age; and I am sure the change must be agreeable to you." "I would go willingly, my dear," replied Madame Cottin, smiling, and guessing the intention of the thoughtless young lady, "but I find myself so comfortable here, that any change must be for the worse." "However, the constant immobility in which I have observed you for some time past must have fatigued you." "It does not, I assure you, prevent me from remarking every thing that passes before me." "Indeed, *la bonne*, you are then an observer, are you? in that case, you have perceived, no doubt, that your dead-leaf colored pelisse—" "Is the only livery that becomes me," replied the unknown; I am dead to youth and beauty, as well as to the art of pleasing." "What! have you ever been able to please?" "I have not been so beautiful as you are present; few are—but, perhaps, was as much sought after, and as much courted, so that the remembrance of it is still dear to me." "What! shall I ever be neglected?" said the young lady, struck at the answers of the stranger, and changing her tone; "I am sure I distinctly heard the young ladies say, that the person who conducted them here was called their *bonne*." "This title is too dear to me," answered Madame Cottin quickly, "for me to make a mystery of it—yes, ma'am, I am their *bonne*." "Oh! madam, I see; at present that is only the surname of friendship, you are, I am sure, their governess, their Mentor." "They are not in want of a Mentor, they are naturally so good and so modest;

but of that you yourself must be aware: candour in a woman doubles the attraction with which nature has endowed her."

The astonishment and curiosity of the young lady were at their height, and the conversation would have been serious and explicit, had not a young gentleman come up, and taking her hand, conducted her to an English dance, where she exhibited her graceful figure to great advantage. She still, however, kept her eyes fixed on the dead-leaf colored pelisse, and at the same time calling to mind with what dignity and charm the unknown had given her so severe a lesson: she began to feel that she had done wrong, and was thinking of the means of making reparation for her fault. As soon as the dance was over, the company withdrew into another room, ornamented with flowers and plants, where supper was set out in a superior style of elegance and splendour. The ladies alone placed themselves at table; Madame Cottin seated her adopted children, and recommending them to the care of the ladies beside them, retired to her favorite corner. There, forsaken and neglected as it were by all the world, she was interrupted from her reverie by her hostess, who came to offer her refreshments: the three young friends also came in turns to pay their attentions, which they did in such an ardent and expressive manner, that those who perceived the circumstance began to fear they should be censured, if they again attempted to ridicule the dead-leaf colored pelisse. There were some who could not help throwing out sly hints at the expence of the unknown, while others began to talk of the new publications, and the conversation naturally fell on a work of Madame Cottin's, that had just been published, entitled "Mathilde." Some criticised it; others praised it in rapturous terms; but the most sensible part of the party agreed, that it was the author's *chef-d'œuvre*. "How much I admire the pure and timid virgin placed in the midst of a camp, and agitated by such different passions!" said a celebrated character turning his back at the same time on Madame Cottin. "It is noble and touching," cried a second, treading on the pelisse in his eagerness to be heard. "Oh! how venerable is the Archbishop of Tyre; he does not fear to lay down his life for those who belong to the Infidel Chief. It is in this manner that true piety should

be drawn; it is this that makes religion cherished and respected. Who but must applaud the conduct of the gallant Montmorency? Who but must admire the variety of the work, its morality, and its denouement."

During the debate, the supper was ended. The lady of the mansion returned with her company into the drawing-room, took an active part in the conversation, and gave proofs of possessing taste and judgment. All the different works of Madame Cottin were discussed; each gave his opinion and his motive for preference; but all agreed to class the author among the beings who did honor to their country and the age in which they lived. The ladies above all did not fail to praise, and some among them repeated several passages from "Mathilde," and cited this work as if it had been the most profound study of the human heart, and the effusions of a mind possessed of the greatest sensibility. There were a few whose education had been very superficial, and who, therefore, could not appreciate the talents of this celebrated writer. "I do not like learned women," cried an affected youth; one of those who had been most severe in his observations on the poor despised pelisse, "however, Madame Cottin has subdued *me*." "And me also," cried another, "on my honor, she has filled my eyes with tears a hundred times; I would give all I am worth to see her." "And to know her," said another, turning himself round on his heel; "but she is never any where to be seen; she is like the brightest stars which are always covered with clouds." "How is it possible that any one can refrain from appearing in society, of which she is the greatest ornament?" "The constant intercourse of such a woman must be instructing, and her friendship must be very dear to those who possess it," observed the lady hostess. "Oh! yes, indeed, madam, it is," involuntarily exclaimed the youngest of the sisters, who surrounded at that moment their modest benefactress. "What do say, my dear? do you, indeed enjoy the rare advantage of being personally acquainted with her?" The young person was going to speak again; but a look from her eldest sister, stopped her, and above all, a quick look from Madame Cottin closed her mouth. "What a suspicion," cried the lady, addressing the unknown; "can it be possible, that in this humble dress—I am not now sur-

prised at the irresistable accents which struck me when you presented the young people—may I flatter myself that I have the honor of receiving Madame Cottin at my own house?—it must be she!” “Oh! *ma bonne!*” exclaimed the young orphan, throwing herself into her arms, “pardon me, if I have betrayed your secret, if I have broken my promise; but the sudden transition from bitter railleries to such well-merited praise delighted me so much, that I did not know what I was saying.” “Yes,” answered the eldest sister, with as much emotion as dignity, “yes, it is the celebrated Madame Cottin; it is our *bonne*, our *bien bonne!* you have all been praising her talents, but it is we who can best appreciate the goodness of her heart.” In spite of all Madame Cottin’s efforts, by signs and broken sentences, to prevent their speaking, the three sisters could not resist the temptation of being revenged on those who had endeavored to overwhelm her with contempt; and in consequence divulged every thing that she had done for their family. When the company were made acquainted with the true signification of the surname *bonne*, and the honorable cause of her simple dress, they were transported with joy, surprise, and admiration. She was soon surrounded; the ladies took her hands, and covered them with kisses; the men even saluted the hem of that pelisse which had before appeared to them so contemptible. It was in this manner that they expressed their regret, and to make honorable amends, each was eager for a word or even a look from the woman who a few moments before they had considered so much beneath them, that they would not have deigned to address her in any way, and whom they had only considered a fit subject for ridicule; she seemed now in an instant to have been transformed into a tutelar deity surrounded with homage, and was supplicated on all sides for pity and pardon. But there was one in the crowd who appeared more penitent than the rest—this was the daughter of the hostess; she was on her knees before Madame Cottin, beseeching her with tears in her eyes to forgive her, for daring to insult her. “I am the most culpable,” said she, “and did not think you worthy even to remain in this room; I proposed to you—oh! madam, if your indulgence does not equal your celebrity, I shall forfeit, what it is my greatest ambition to obtain—your friend-

ship and esteem." Madame Cottin, anxious to console the young lady, pressed her to her bosom, and soon convinced her, by the most affectionate expressions, that she felt no resentment; and even went so far as to request her to become the friend of her adopted children, pardoning freely the rudeness that had for a time cost her so much, but which had terminated by a pleasure that could not be too dearly purchased. The young lady's mother took this opportunity of admonishing her daughter to correct for ever a propensity to satire, which might hurt her reputation, and call in question the goodness of her heart; she desired her to be more circumspect in future, and never to judge from appearances, but always to remember, that true merit is often hid under the greatest simplicity, as in the present instance; adding also, in the most affectionate tone, "You see, my dear, that we may find, even under a *dead-leaf*, the most beautiful flower, or the most delicious fruit."

ITALIAN SCENERY.

THE sun was going down as we ascended the hill to the Casa Cavaletti, and the view from the summit, was most noble, various, and picturesque. This is the land of colors, and the landscape was an immense panorama tinged with long and regular sweeps of radiance, like the divisions of a map. Lombardy lay before us on the left, an endless expansion of the vineyards and fruit gardens; then came the true Italian view, of hills touched with crimson lights, and in the intervals, glimpses of three or four remote lakes, that looked like sheets of sanguined steel. In front, the sun was stooping in full glory upon Milan, and the dome of the cathedral rose among heavy purple clouds, like a pillar of gold; the Bolognese hills were the relief of this magnificent fore-ground, and they had the additional depth of being loaded with what seemed a growing thunder-storm. E.

ON INATTENTION TO FEMALES NOT PERSONALLY ATTRACTIVE.

THE homage paid to rank, even if unadorned with talent, while genius, if ignoble, is treated with contumely,—and the deference paid to wealth, though its possessor be unworthy, while virtue, if in poverty, is neglected or scorned,—are offences that, in every age, have been either lashed by the whip of the satirist, or denounced by the reprehension of the moralist. But the inattention of men to females who happen not to be handsome, (though an impropriety most unmanly) has seldom been noticed with commensurate severity. It is not the brainless coxcomb only that is chargeable with this glaring rudeness; if it were, animadversion would be unnecessary: butterflies are too insignificant to be “broke on the wheel:” it is perfectly indifferent to a sensible woman whether she be honored with the back view of such a creature, or the front,—whether she admire the tapering toils of the tailor and the staymaker *behind*, or the stiffening labors of the laundress *before*; but *men of sense and attainments* are not wholly guiltless of this offence against good manners and correct feeling—enter the drawing or the assembly room, and you will be convinced of the existence of this disgraceful indecorum.

“How flat you were at our party yesterday,” said Flirtilla to her sister. “My heart was out of tune,” replied Serena, “but I am sure you were the only person in the room that noticed even this circumstance.” “But you cannot expect to be noticed if you don’t talk,” resumed Flirtilla. “Nobody thought it worth while to talk to me, sister,” answered Serena, “and my portrait not appearing to give pleasure to the eyes of the connoisseurs, I thought it prudent to avoid offending their ears.” “Well,” said Flirtilla, “I hope you will be in better spirits to-night at the dance.” “My mama will be the only sufferer, if I am not,” replied Serena, “as I suppose she, as usual, will be my only partner. It seems odd that the countenance should be the index of agility; but it is certainly the gentlemen’s criterion: they judge

the *cuts* of the feet by the *cut* of the face—the one cannot be graceful if the other is not pretty.”

And can men of reflection and sense commit such an outrage on decency and the finer feelings of the sex? What! can attic wit be relished only by a face that is Grecian? Must the contour be Roman to admire what is classic? Are ladies' smiles worth receiving only when accompanied with a dimple? Is praise unacceptable if from lips not vermilion? Is the voice inharmonious if the teeth be not regular? Is a frown only dreaded when the forehead is high? Is a look inexpressive, when the complexion is not clear?

Ye know these results are not consequent from their premises; wit and taste dwell not always with beauty: indeed, observation will convince you, that more commonly their residence is with its opposite. Providence delights in equalizing its gifts; where deficiency exists there is generally found a compensation—

“What is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?”

Imitate the bee then; she does not pass unheeded the more homely flowers—

“To kiss the rose's fairer lips.”

No; and naturalists have found—

“She sucks most sweetness from the humbler flowers.”

Most ladies deficient in personal charms, may say with Sappho, in Ovid—

“Since outward beauty nature has denied,
It is by beauty of my mind supplied.”

Think not that disregard will give no pain, because it is the fate of slender charms so frequently to meet with it; repeated blows may harden iron, but they render the susceptibility of the heart still more soft. Women are jealous of their dues; we owe them attentions the most assiduous; if these be withheld because the object is not attractive, the neglect is felt the more keenly, as it reminds her of the cause.

In the name of decency—in the name of gallantry then, wipe away this reproach from our sex; if exterior beauty

only excite your notice, a caged parroquet will answer your purpose—pay adoration to it; but let those who prefer the beauties of the mind recollect, that they lie beneath the skin. In women, as in mining countries, the richest treasure is commonly found below the least picturesque surface. Then pay to women of mind your chief homage, you will find your account in it—your reward will be, regard without coquetry, and sense without affectation.

E. B.

CURIOUS CUSTOM IN MUSCOVY.

A PASS is put into the hands of the Muscovites, when they die, to engage St. Peter to open the gates to them. The friends kiss the corpse or coffin; and the priest puts a piece of paper between the fingers of the deceased, which is a kind of testimonial or pass for his admittance into the other world, signed by the patriarch, and sold by the priest, the form of which is thus:—"We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, the patriarch, or metropolitan, and the priest of the city of N. do make known and certify by these presents, that the bearer of these our letters, hath always lived among us like a good Christian, professing the Greek religion; and though he hath committed some sins, yet he hath confessed the same, and received absolution, and taken the communion for the remission of his sins; hath honored God and his saints; hath said his prayers, and fasted on the hours and days appointed by the church; and hath carried himself so well towards me his confessor, that I have no reason to complain of him, or to deny him the absolution of his sins: in witness whereof, we have given him the present testimonial to the end that upon sight thereof, St. Peter may open to him the gates of everlasting bliss." This done, the coffin is shut up, and put in the grave, with the face eastward. They mourn forty days, and fast on the third, because then the face is disfigured; on the seventh, because the body begins to putrify; and on the twentieth, because then the heart corrupts. Some build huts over the grave, and cover them with mats, because the priest, morning and evening for six weeks, prays over the grave.

PORTRAITURES OF MODERN POETS.

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**No. VIII.**

### **GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.**

THE serious poetical productions of this gentleman are dramatic, and these are so amalgamated with the baser matter which forms the incongruous mixture called "a play\*," that it is difficult to consider them abstractedly. His versifications are confined to comic pieces, and here he has established a throne which genius alone assisted him to ascend, and the right of sovereignty of which no one of the present day seems able for a moment to dispute. Indeed, the number of comic writers are comparatively small; the *mania scribendi*, like the mania for acting, generally shows itself in tragic symptoms, and the talent that is alone fitted for the service of Thalia, sighs away disregarded in the train of Melpomene. Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, and the Lakers in general, might have written very "funny ballads" with a reasonable share of applause, but they have mistaken the bent of their knack, (I cannot say genius) and must take the consequences. Had Mathews wanted discernment enough to discover his forte, he might have been now supporting Kean's train, instead of drawing crowded houses "At Home." Mr. Colman has an excuse which softens the asperity of criticism, in the fact that many of his dramatic productions have been produced to answer the immediate exigences of a theatre, and were not the result of that maturity of thought and attention that constitutes excellence. He often supplies loftiness of sentiment with something approaching bombast, and in his softer scenes rather frights the soul than soothes it. This occurs particularly in his "Iron Chest," and "Mountaineers;" the structure of both these pieces is strictly un-

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\* We speak of a play in its present literal signification: it was formerly a general expression for a dramatic performance; it now signifies a production which is too serious for comedy, too laughable for tragedy, too heavy for farce, and too dramatic for opera



dramatic, yet upon the merits of the following passage alone, the critic must allow him the meed of a great writer:—

Oh! how will sin engender sin,  
Throw guilt upon the soul,  
And like a rock dash'd on the troubled lake,  
'Twill form its circles, round succeeding round,  
Each wider than the last!

Throughout all Mr. Colman's productions, he never loses sight of the humorous; in the highly-wrought scene from which we have just quoted, on Sir Edward exclaiming "It seems then thou art a thief?" he makes the callous ruffian reply—

"I served in the profession; but last night the scurvy rogues cashiered me: 'twas a trick to ruin a poor fellow in his calling, and take away my means of getting bread."

It is no way to our purpose to allude to the scenic representations of the works that come before us in this manner, but the circumstances under which this was performed were so extraordinary as to induce us to dwell a little upon them. In the first place then, "The Iron Chest," with all its attraction, is not adapted for the stage. The fine language of Sir Edward does not come within the pale of comprehension possessed by a mixed auditory; besides, there is no great pervading passion to excite our sympathy, and where we have no sympathy, we feel no interest. Sir Edward's prevailing passion is pride; it is in itself an unamiable feeling, repulsive in our private intercourse in life; nor do we it assimilate more with our feelings in public. Sir Edward's mind seems his own dispensator of good or evil; the world, whose praise he courts, he at the same moment shuns. The character gives great field for the talents of a novelist, but none for a dramatist. Godwin made it popular, but it is no disgrace to Colman to say, it failed in his hands; it is the nature of the character, and not the want of power of embodying that character, which caused his failure.

We have often seen this play, and delighted as we have felt with particular scenes, we were compelled on the whole to admit it a heavy production.

"The Mountaineers," though an olla podrida, contains some beautiful poetry. The speech of Zorayda, where she laments the sufferings of the captives, is beautifully pathetic,

Octavian is as much an improvement on Cervantes, as Sir Edward Mortimer is a deterioration from Godwin; he stands a splendid monument of an author's talents.

"The Battle of Hexham" is less happy. Gondibert is rather loftily than naturally drawn; indeed the serious portion of this drama is dull, and over wrought with a power of words. The comic portion is richly written. The entire character of Gregory, (though by no means new, for a coward is an old subject for dramatic dissection) is humorous in the extreme: the clown's dialogue with the countryman is in his best style—

*Clown.* Know you why Providence has made a man's one leg shorter than the other? Why, that he may put his best leg foremost upon occasion.

The clown's subsequent observations upon fighting, that—"When Providence made plumbers, she did well to leave me out of the number, for truly I take little delight in lead," are all fine specimens of sportive dialogue.

His "Inkle and Yarico," of which Mrs. Inchbald has justly said, "he will have reason to be proud of to the latest hour of his existence," was produced before he was of age. This circumstance might be a bar to criticism, if he wanted such a plea; but this is one of his most finished productions. Yet in altering the story, which was imperatively necessary to render it dramatic, he has still left Inkle a repulsive character; the mind that could once engender a thought of basely selling to slavery the woman who had given up all for him, must possess a callosity of feeling no way compatible with virtue or gratitude. Surely Mr. C. might have invented some stronger causes to instigate Inkle's guilt; a mistaken jealousy, for instance, would at all events, have lessened his crime: we may forgive the enormities actuated by anger, though we seek in vain to extenuate the cool-blooded villany that arises from venal cupidity.

"The Poor Gentleman," "Heir at Law," "Who wants a Guinea?" and "John Bull," have been so well appreciated by the public, that any mention of them would here be idle. It may not, however, be so generally known, that the four first acts of "John Bull," were put into Mr. Harris's hands long before the production of the piece, and that he in vain

persuaded Mr. Colman to conclude it, till one evening when he had been engaged in libations to the jolly god, he then sat and finished the comedy, exclaiming as he threw the blotted sheets down, "That will be damned, Mr. Harris!" His prediction, however, proved untrue, for the last act put in rehearsal in this state, is, perhaps, the most spirited part of this admirable comedy.

We turn to Mr. Colman's comic effusions with peculiar gratification: wit is a rare commodity, and out to be proportionably prized. Colman, like Shakspeare, has never taken much trouble with the formation of his plots, and, indeed, has taken them ready made, rather than be at the trouble of creating them. The subject of this gentleman's inimitable tale, "The Knight and the Friar," is founded on fact, the relation of it may be found in Grose's Antiquities; but our author has embellished it with the vivid touches of his own imagination. The commencement indulges in a little satire on the British prowess in arms, which we think it does not deserve; the lines are as follow—

In our Fifth Harry's reign, when 'twas the fashion  
To thump the French (poor creatures!) to excess;  
Tho' Britons, now-a-days, show more compassion,  
*And thump them certainly a great deal less.*

The tendency of this line is unquestionable; but we will take upon ourselves to deny the truth of it. The French have no reason to repine at a lack of punishment, for whenever this country has been called to the field by their's, our soldiers have sufficiently evinced that their thumping propensities were as great as ever. The description of the amorous friar is exceedingly rich; the following lines too contain an infinite degree of humor—

Whene'er she spoke to him his gills grew red,  
Whilst she was quite unconscious of the matter;  
But he (the beast) was casting sheep's eyes at her  
Out of his bullock's head.

The passion of Sir Thomas Erpingham, when  
Rage gave his cheek an apoplectic hue,  
His cheek turn'd purple, and his nose turn'd blue.

His direction to his lady to sit down and appoint the friar to meet her in the bower—



When twelve had striking done,  
and his subsequent declaration of—

Then, by the god of gardens, I  
Will endge him till one,

are exquisite. Who does not behold the pursy friar in the extacy of his imagination, and feasting in the anticipation of the result of his illicit amour, when—

He went anticipating blisses,  
Soft balmy sighs, and gentle murmuring kisses,  
Trances of joy, and mingling of the souls,  
When whack Sir Thomas hit him on the jowls.

We could have wished that Mr. C. had avoided the indicacies that have crept into this poem; but as this failing pervades more strongly his other productions, we shall reserve the lash of criticism for the greater crime.

To tell a common-place truth in a pleasing, original manner, is almost an impossible task; but Mr. Colman has shewn us how to tell one at least in a humorous, if not a new style—

Certainly nothing operates much quicker  
Against two persons' secret dialogues,  
Than one of them being asleep in liquor,  
Snoring like twenty thousand hogs.

• • • • •

How wake a man in such a case?  
Why the best method (I have tried a score)  
Is when the nose is playing *thorough bass*,  
To tweak it till you make him roar.  
A sleeper's nose is made on the same plan  
As the small wire between a doll's wood thighs,  
For pull it sharply and the doll or man  
Will open in an instant both their eyes.

The poem of Lord Hoppergollop in the same volume is certainly beneath the talents of this truly original writer. A few poor puns are its only recommendation, and a bad recommendation they are: such lines as—

She fear'd the shadow of her nose,  
It look'd so long against the wall,

And—

I was not *ill*, for in a *well*  
I tumbled backwards, and was drown'd,

are a disgrace to a pen which has produced so many admirable witticisms.

"The Newcastle Apothecary" is well known; it bears the mark of hasty writing, and the conclusion is too abrupt; but Messrs. Smart and Putman (professors of elocution) have so often and in so finished a manner delivered this tale, that it has become, perhaps, the most popular of all his poems.

Of "The Elder Brother," though containing some of his most brilliant ideas, we cannot speak in the same terms of admiration. Mr. Colman seems here to have forgotten the respect due to his own character as a gentleman, as well as that due to the public as patrons of his talents; he has gone farther than the noble bard, who, though he may be licentious, is never gross: Mr. Colman is unfortunately both. So wild a Pegasus as Mr. C.'s may be allowed to wanton a little out of the course of propriety, but he should not overleap the boundaries of decency, nor violate the restrictive bulwarks of delicacy. Dean Swift did so, and the Dean's writings have sunk to oblivion; no distinction has been made; the good and bad have been huddled together in the universal execration, and the purer offsprings of his talents have been immolated with their baser brethren at the shrine of offended modesty. So will it be with Colman; indeed, it *has* been. His "Broad Grins" are objected to chiefly on account of the last tale contained in them. His "Vagaries" would have elicited a much greater share of admiration had they not been disgraced by some puerile passages in the tale of "The two Parsons." When we consider that the alteration of a few verses, in some cases a few lines only, would have removed the objections of the most captious critic, it becomes a subject of much greater regret, that he should suffer a few rhymes to remain, which had been, perhaps, composed in an hour when Bacchus had frightened the Graces from his pages, and which his own calmer moments must have condemned. We have before said, Mr. Colman was a hasty writer; in some it is a necessity, in *him* it is a habit, and this (bad as it is) is the only excuse we can form for him.

The Parody contained in his "Vagaries," on Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" is every way beneath, nay, it is absolutely disgraceful to him: one great writer never increases

his reputation by burlesquing the productions of another. Imitations are poor things after all. Though we cannot help admitting that the parody follows the original with great exactness and humor, we feel that this is a minor genius's business, and did Mr. Colman's claim to a seat on the Parnassian Mount rest on this alone, we should fear his title stood upon a frail foundation.

Mr. Colman is not, however, an invidious snarler at his brother poets; he has paid a generous eulogium to the talents of Peter Pindar, the more generous as Peter was a laborer in the same vineyard, and Mr. Colman undoubtedly eclipsed him at the very moment that he awarded him the laurel. The lines occur in the dialogues between Tom, Dick, and Will, in the introductory part of his "Broad Grins," one of the trio exclaiming—

And this I'll say of Peter to his face,  
As 'twas time past of Vanburgh writ,  
Peter has often wanted *grace*,  
But never wanted *wit*.

Mr. Colman appears to us to stand in the same predicament. "Eccentricities of Edinburgh" contain some very laughable descriptions, but are defaced by many indelicate expressions and passages, Mr. C. not having, like the poet of the sister isle, chastened his song as he grew older and (*query*) wiser. The principal tale, "Fire, or the Sun Poker" is a version of Prometheus's labors. It contains some of this author's best and worst lines: the following simile is extremely *à-propos*—

Swearing to do a thing when bile's afloat,  
Is easier than afterwards essaying it;  
Just as to sign a promissory note  
Is not so difficult as paying it.

Mercury arrives on terra firma with Pandora, and addressing one of the men whom Prometheus has formed, his enquiry after his maker is described in the following happy manner—

"But, sir," says Mercury, apologizing,  
"The person that I want you may not know;"  
"That," says the citizen, "would be surprising,  
Why, sir, he made me not a week ago."



The mixture of common-place and every-day descriptions and observations on Mythological subjects is exceedingly ludicrous, as when Epimetheus has married Pandora, and Mars coming to visit her leaves his card—

“Mars!” cried the husband, looking queer,

“And who the devil’s he?”

“Who!” quoth the wife, “the God of Wars, my dear,  
Come down from heaven, no doubt, to visit me.”

“The God of War, come down so late from heaven,  
To see my wife too at *half past eleven!*”

“Mr. Champernoune” is poorly written; indeed, the subject contains no field for the display of humor; and this is followed by the “Luminous Historian, or Learning in Love;” the subject of which is the ridiculous tale of Gibbons’ kneeling to avow his passion to a lady, and from his excessive bulk being unable to rise. Mr. Colman professes in his Preface not to believe one word of the story, and that he has versified it as an absolute fiction. If so, there was no necessity to introduce the real actor on the stage; any other fat personage would have answered the bard’s purpose; but our author has pointedly mentioned the historian, and given descriptions every way exaggerated of his person, in addition to their being coarse, vulgar, and impertinent. The four lines we here quote are the best in the tale—

Eudoxus squatted in a cushion’d chair,

Gave her that interesting glance which owns

A double feeling, and would fain declare,

‘The heart is full of love, the *shoes of stones*.

“London Rurality” contains some pointed passages on cockney folly; but it is but a stale hash after all. The fine names bestowed by the ignorant ruralists on their country dwellings, is well ridiculed—

Here modest ostentation sticks a plate,

Or daubs Egyptian letters on the gate,

Informing passengers, ‘tis ‘Cowslip cot,’

Or ‘Woodbine Lodge,’ or ‘Mr. Pummock’s Grot.’

Oh! why not, vanity! since dolts bestow

Such names on dogholes, squeez’d out from a row,

The title of *Horn Hermitage* intail

Upon the habitation of a *snail*,

Why not inscribe, ‘twould answer quite as well,

*Marine Pavillion on an oyster-shell!*

Mr. Colman has always displayed a great degree of ill-will towards critics, why will he continue to give them so much cause for what he misnames scurrillity? Mr. Gifford, the oracle of the potent publisher, passed a very severe censure on Mr. C.'s dramatic powers, which he afterwards erased from his work, and supplied the place with a handsome eulogium, alleging as a reason for this seeming inconsistency, that he had changed his opinion of this writer's works. On this volatility of sentiment, Mr. C. has been extremely critical, and, perhaps, justly; for he who assumes a censorship should effectually mature before he delivers his judgment; still Mr. Colman would have done more honor to his own feelings, in leaving the matter at rest, especially as his line of conduct would be likely to keep other critics from doing, what few of the present day would be generous enough to do—*own they were in the wrong.*

We have not yet noticed the songs to be found in Mr. C.'s pieces, because we consider lyrical poetry a talent by itself, and therefore reserve it for a separate paragraph. He is not a lyrist of the first class; but we do not hesitate to say, he might have been so: no man understands the melody of poetry better, i. e. the immediate connexion between musical expression and language; and this is a very valuable qualification for a song-writer. In that species of poetry it is necessary to sustain the harmony, even sometimes at the expense of a *small* sacrifice of sense to sound: this is an assertion which will be caught at by some, as indicating a want of proper appreciation of the valuable part of a vocal performance, but those best informed on poetical and musical subjects have admitted the fact. The following lines breathe the spirit of music—

Moving to the melody of music's note,  
 See the Turkish fair advance;  
 Lightly as the gossamer she seems to float  
 Thro' the mazes of the dance.  
 Mirthful is the measure,  
 Thrilling is the pleasure,  
 Whilst with merry glee the senses join;  
 Deeper blushing roses,  
 Every cheek discloses, &c. &c.

"Faint and Wearily," is a very pretty duett. The heart instantly acknowledges the pathos of—

Our grotto was the sweetest place,  
 Its bending boughs with fragrance blowing,  
 Would check the brook's impetuous pace,  
 Which murmur'd to be stopp'd from flowing;  
 'Twas there we met, and gaz'd our fill;  
 Oh! think of this, and love me still."

The last line but one is not so happy.

"Oh! say simple Maid," is chastely written. "White Man, never go away," is excellent. Mr. Colman is also the author of several comic ballads. The one from which we shall make our last quotation is but little known—

Miss Wabble, who long at the wash-tub had plied,  
 Her powers on the stage in deep tragedy tried,  
 For the progress is easy as genius expands,  
 From the wringing of clothes to the wringing of hands.

\* \* \* \* \*

She came out in Juliet, but waking at last,  
 A nail in the tomb to her shroud held her fast;  
 She popp'd up her head, while the audience were grinning,  
 And cried, "I'm not able to get up the linen."

The songs in "The Law of Java," are far below mediocrity; there is not a poetical line in the whole play. The public have passed a judgment upon it as a dramatic production; we shall not, therefore, tire our readers with a criticism on it, and only join in the general regret, that it ever emanated from the pen of Colman. The occasion for which he wrote the Address for the benefit of poor Emery's family, protects it from review; but it is another lamentable proof that his powers are on the wane.

Mr. C. would do well to relinquish his pen altogether, and not tarnish the reputation of his past works by the failure of his present. He has been the greatest dramatic writer of the day, and the best comic writer of nearly the last two centuries; but a *second* Law of Java might ruin his reputation for ever. He had better take Colton's advice, and as he can no longer *put fire* into his works, consent at once to *put his works into the fire*.



## SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

## No. I.

“ Res ardua vetustis novitatem dare, novis auctoritatem, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam, dubiis fidem, omnibus vero naturam, et naturæ suæ omnia.” *Plinii Hist. Nat. Prefatio.*

THERE is an inexhaustible variety in the works of Nature, so that even those, which, to a superficial observer, seem unworthy of notice, will when accurately examined, afford new sources of reflection, and contribute to the improvement of the intellectual and moral faculties, as well as yield a never-failing supply of interesting amusement.

The disposition to attend to the structure and uses of surrounding objects, and to attain clear and decided views concerning their relative and individual nature and properties, may be considered as a characteristic circumstance, distinguishing the native of civilized countries from the savage. Man, even in the lowest state of society, is, indeed, obliged, for the purpose of supplying his natural wants, to attend in some measure to the qualities of animals and vegetables, which come within the sphere of his observation, and to take such notice of their obvious properties and features as will enable him to discriminate such species as may supply him with food or clothing, or may serve for other domestic purposes. But beyond a limited and imperfect acquaintance with the most common objects of this description, savages seldom extend their views. Their knowledge on this and other subjects is chiefly traditional; and to the stock of information derived from their forefathers, they do not often endeavor to make any addition. One great obstacle they have to encounter, arises from the unconnected state of their knowledge of nature. Some general ideas concerning the relations between different objects, they must necessarily acquire. Thus they perceive a plain distinction between the higher classes of animals and the vegetable tribes. Of course also they notice the obvious difference in the modes of existence of animals. Some being destined, like man, to traverse the solid earth; others are possessed of organs which

enable them to soar through the air; while the creatures of another kind have their habitation in seas and rivers. But these are facts forced upon their attention, and which could not escape their knowledge, unless they were to shut their eyes. When the application of judgment is needful, for the purpose of combining, discriminating, and reasoning upon their observations, their progress is very slow; and their mistakes oftentimes sufficiently absurd. One of the first steps which savage tribes must take in their advances towards civilization, must be the cultivation of vegetables for food. Those wild Indians who subsist on the prey they take in hunting and fishing, and who are consequently unacquainted with agriculture, might easily be made to believe that apple-dumplings, black-puddings, or sausages, were caught in the sea like oysters, or that potatoes and turnips were articles of human manufacture.

In Kotzebue's "Voyage of Discovery into the South Seas and Behring's Straits," just published, is an interesting account of the inhabitants of a group of islands near the southern entrance of those straits. "As I intended," says the navigator, "to leave Otdia in two days, I remained on shore during the night with Chamisso\* and Kadu†, to enjoy the society of our friends. After we had put the garden in order, we sat down before Lagediack's house on the grass, surrounded by the islanders, who tried to amuse us with songs and drums. During our absence, they had composed songs of praise on us, which they now sung to us. The supper was brought on shore, and we took it in the presence of our friends, who regarded us with looks of interest. Kadu, who supped with us, explained to them the use of several utensils, and must have expressed himself very wittily, as they laughed heartily. He improved so much during his stay of nine months with us, that he could not but feel his superiority; nevertheless, he liked to be with his old friends; kindly instructed them, made presents to their children, and shewed his attachment to them in every way. Much as he prided himself on his European dress, he immediately laid

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\* Naturalist to the expedition.

† A native of the Carolina Islands, who had been for some months with M. Kotzebue.

it aside here, and particularly banished his boots and shoes, which he disliked very much. He had very soon distributed all his treasures. During supper, Lagediack sat next me, and ate with an excellent appetite. A dish went round the circle of the spectators, and every one began to take out a dainty with his long nails. The company thought the boiled yams and potatoes very excellent. Kadu exhorted them on this occasion carefully to preserve the roots brought by us that they might have some in future; and he laughed very much when one of the savages shewed him a boiled yam, saying, *he would not eat it, but plant it to-morrow!* He thought the Radackers were still too stupid!"

The mistake of these poor people, however, who thought that yams or potatoes would vegetate after they had been boiled, was not more absurd than the notion which was prevalent in Scotland at no very distant period, relative to the origin of the Solan Goose; and which was advocated and reasoned on by writers of Natural History. It was pretended, that barnacles, a kind of shell-fish, grew on trees by the sea-side; and that dropping from the branches into the water, these crustaceous animals, in time, became changed into sea-fowl. So prevalent was this idle and ridiculous opinion, that Roman Catholic casuists employed themselves in arguing on the question whether Solan geese might be eaten during Lent; that is, whether they were to be considered as fish or fowl.

Among the vulgar errors in Natural History, long and very generally prevalent, was the idea that some small animals, particularly frogs, were formed among the clouds, and had fallen from the sky in showers. Don Antonio de Ulloa, in his "Voyage to South America," which took place in 1735, mentions this strange prejudice as then existing at Porto Bello. "Serpents," says he, "are here very numerous, and very destructive. Toads also swarm, not only in the damp and marshy places, as in other countries, but even in the streets, courts of houses, and all open places in general. The amazing number of these reptiles, and their appearance after the least shower, has induced some to imagine that every drop of water becomes a toad; but though they allege as a proof the extraordinary increase of these creatures after a shower, their opinion does not seem well founded. It is evi-



dent that these reptiles abound both in the forests and neighbouring rivers, and even in the midst of the town itself, and produce a prodigious quantity of animalculæ, from whence, according to the best naturalists, these reptiles are formed. These animalculæ either rise in the vapors which form the rains, and falling together with it on the ground, which is extremely heated by the rays of the sun, or being already deposited in it by the toads, grow and become animated in no less numbers than were formerly seen in Europe. But some of them which appear after rains being so large as to measure six inches in length, they cannot be imagined to be the effect of an instantaneous production. It is, therefore, reasonable to think, that this part of the country being remarkably moist is very well adapted to nourish the breed of these creatures, which love watery places; and therefore avoid those parts of the grounds exposed to the rays of the sun, seeking others where the earth is soft, and there form themselves cavities in the ground to enjoy the moisture; and as the surface over them is generally dry, the toads are not perceived; but no sooner does it begin to rain, than they leave their retreats to come at the water, which is their supreme delight, and thus fill the streets and open places. Hence the vulgar opinion had its rise, that the drops of rain were transformed into toads. When it has rained in the night, the streets and squares seem paved with these reptiles, so that you cannot step without treading on them, which sometimes is productive of troublesome bites; for besides their poison, they are large enough for their teeth to be severely felt. At the same time there are such numbers of them that nothing can be imagined more dismal than their croakings during the night, in all parts of the town, the woods, and the caverns of the mountains."

The same strange mode of accounting for the appearance of frogs after a shower, was generally received among the learned in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Libertus Fromondus, professor of Philosophy in the University of Louvain, in Flanders, wrote a treatise on Meteorology, in which he devotes a section to this subject. It is entitled *De Rannarum Pluvia*; "On Showers of Frogs." Of the fact of these animals having been observed in vast multitudes after a storm of rain, he produces numerous instances on the au-

thority of Cardan, Scaliger, and Fallopius, and other eminent men, who in general account for the phenomenon in the same manner as the inhabitants of Porto Bello. Cardan, indeed, was disposed to believe that the spawn of the frogs was raised into the air along with the vapours from marshes; and that being vivified by the heat of the sun, the shoals of frogs observed after a shower were thus produced. Fromondus relates, from his own observation, an instance of the appearance of a surprising number of frogs immediately after a storm of rain, which fell at Tournay, in 1625, and he remarks that they were all of the same size and color. He argues, that it was impossible such multitudes could issue from the earth; and, therefore, supposes with the authors whom he quotes, that the frogs were formed in the clouds, or from the dust by the operation of the rain sheet.

This is a fair specimen of the absurdities into which men of learning have formerly fallen, in consequence of the imperfection of science. The same author, however, gives us an instance of credulity which surpasses the preceding. It is from the writings of the celebrated Arabian physician, Avicenna, who mentions *a calf falling in a shower*. Fromondus finds this story too improbable for his belief, and remarks, that it perhaps arose from a calf being borne by the wind, during a storm from one place to another.

(To be continued.)

#### SMART RETORT.

WHEN Mr. S——, the celebrated painter and poet, was extremely young, he was not a little addicted to great nicety of dress. A popular actor of that day, with whom S. had one evening made an appointment to go out, having come to his lodgings, and been detained there some time while the latter was yet at his toilet, exclaimed pettishly on his late entrance, "It is amazing, S. what pains you take to make yourself look ridiculous!" "It is much more amazing," returned the other, with equal point and good humor, "that you should succeed so completely, without taking any pains." A. M.

## REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

**VARGAS: a Tale of Spain.** 3 vols. Baldwin, Cradoek, and Joy. London. 1822.

"THE late Mr. Cornelius Villiers," mentioned in the Preface, as the author of the following tale, was destined by his parents for the church, and having passed with credit through the University, was about to take orders, when he was induced by a wealthy relative, to turn his attention to commercial life. Having proceeded to Cadiz, where his relation had an establishment, he was employed in the counting-house about ten years; but possessing a natural taste for literature, he devoted himself chiefly to its pursuits. Upon the death of his relation, Mr. Villiers travelled through most of the cities of Spain and Portugal. At the commencement of the Peninsular contest, he assumed the characters of a Spaniard and an Englishman; and thereby followed the course of that most interesting portion of the modern history of Spain, with advantages that were possessed by few. He attached himself to the different armies as the interests of their movements varied; and in many cases, trusting to his Spanish accent and appearance for security against extraordinary danger, he ventured to throw himself into the line of march of the French troops, that he might have an opportunity to witness the conduct of the invaders towards the unhappy and oppressed inhabitants. In 1813, he returned to his native country, in consequence of becoming unexpectedly the inheritor of a considerable estate. He now determined, in retired life, to seek some amusement from the stores of his memory, and to attempt to illustrate the history, and delineate the character and customs of the people among whom he had travelled. This attempt the author has made in a series of tales, each referring to a different historical period, endeavoring to draw a picture of Spanish manners, at the point of time to which each tale relates.

"Mr. Villiers is now no more; and he has left his papers to the editor, with a discretionary power to publish all, or such part of them as in his judgment he may think fit." The



tale of Vargas is published as a specimen of those which remain in the editor's possession. The work is written in a neat and familiar style; but we think it deficient in energy on various occasions. There is, however, in some parts, a pathos tolerably well expressed; and the author has embraced an extent of observation, and sometimes indulged in a degree of humor which may inform and amuse his readers. But the highest recommendation which any work can have, may we think with safety be given to these volumes: truth appears to have been the author's guide; and the advancement of moral goodness, his aim. The historical and descriptive parts of the work are particularly interesting. Did our limits admit, we should be glad to present our readers with a specimen; but we must defer it till our next.

**VALE OF CHAMOUNI. A Poem. By the Author of "Rome." J. Warren. 1822.**

The intelligent and respectable author has presented his readers with a very ingenious, very amusing, and, indeed, very unassuming preface, in which he states the circumstances that gave rise to the above work. It may be wrong to form an estimate merely by the influence of prepossession; but really it may be deemed almost impossible to read the Preface to this volume without a high opinion of the author's talents; nor without the impression, that in order to be assured he is master of his subject, it is only necessary to be informed he has written on it.

"In the catalogue of human miseries," says the author, in his Preface, "there is none, perhaps, more subduing to the spirits than that mental vacuum, experienced during a long and hopeless voyage. When the eye becomes surfeited with the daily and monstrous view of sky and water, the wings of imagination droop, and the very soul smiles with the subsiding wave. This situation is like marriage, where the wife is all passive obedience and non-resistance, and will rather contradict herself twenty times a day, than her husband once: as an *al*-literary friend of mine observes, 'the insipid, assenting placidity of those soft and simple associates, is more tormenting than the tearing tornado of a termagant.' Though little versed in the secrets of mysterious woman, I know something of her emblem, the ocean—that wavering body

that swells and falls to the inconstant moon, restless—deceitful—deep—fathomless—inviting the mariner with smiles to rest on its heaving bosom, and dashing him on the rocks; containing a few scattered pearls among sand and weeds; reflecting terror on the brow, or heaven in the countenance.

"Of the monotony of a sea-faring life, I became fully sensible during a tiresome voyage to South America, and spent day after day leaning over the ship's side, wishing for a thunderbolt, a storm, or a whale to make a splash in the water. In this torpor of the mind, like the prisoner, who contracted friendship with a spider, we sought relief in the miniature world in which we floated; the most trifling object became a matter of importance, and the capture of a dolphin, a flying-fish, or even a rat, was registered in our journals with as much solemnity, as if we had taken a Spanish galleon. "Lat.  $17^{\circ} 5'$  N. Long.  $62^{\circ} 4'$  W. blowing a heavy gale, Towzer, the terrier, killed a rat." This was at length carried to such a pitch of absurdity, that for the purpose of curing my companions of the journal mania, I improved on the system, and turned the journal of one day into verse, from the swabbing of the decks at sunrise to the dog-watch at night: the lines were certainly below mediocrity; but, like our green monkeys from Porto Praga, they afforded a momentary amusement in the absence of all rational employment. What is begun in jest often ends in earnest; great effects proceed from little causes, and for the first inspirations of the Muse, I am indebted to a rat! The habit of versifying my journal has adhered to me ever since; nor could the majesty of the Belvidere Apollo, nor the watery thunder of Valino, deter me from rhyming when contemplating those master-pieces of art and nature."

Appealing to the tribunal of criticism, the scrutiny of which, however, he has no reason to dread, our author observes, "My arguments in mitigation of punishment, are these—I deal not in personal satire; the virgin may read my lines without a blush, and the moralist without a frown; no sneers at those institutions, which custom has made venerable, and religion sanctified, shall find admittance in the pages of my metrical journal; and it is probable that this trifle would never have been intruded on the public, had I not been encouraged by the approving smile of a young lady, who is

no less distinguished for taste in literature and the fine arts than for personal beauty."

In allusion to his subject, the author remarks, "There is something peculiarly pleasing to the imagination in the sound of the word, 'Switzerland;' if an attachment to Rome be one of the earliest passions of our youth, we still regard with sweeter sensations the wild hills of Helvetia: it is what Burke calls 'the soft green of the soul, on which the eye delights to rest, when fatigued by more glaring objects.'" In Rome, we are overpowered by a sort of classic awe; in Switzerland, we breathe the air of freedom and of fragrance. But of all the varied and beautiful scenes which it presents, the "Vale of Chamouni" is best calculated for descriptive poetry: and the author has displayed a most masterly ability for his task. It is with unusual reluctance we refrain from extracts; and we shall certainly feel pleasure in resuming our review of this elegantly written volume. In the mean time, we cordially recommend it to our readers; its merits will be best ascertained by a perusal.

**CHINZICA; or, BATTLE OF THE BRIDGE. A Poem. pp. 262. bds. 12s.**

THE subject of this somewhat expensive poem, is taken from an historical incident, said to have occurred in the year 1005; it is that of a free and prosperous city, suddenly brought to the verge of ruin, and involved in a series of calamities, in consequence of foreign invasion, aided by domestic treachery; to counteract which, a combination of extraordinary exertions is carried into effect by a few patriotic individuals, the chief of which, Chinzica, the heroine of the story, is a female of the House of Lismendi, of German origin, and of high consideration in the Pisan Republic during a part of the middle ages.

The main action of the poem commences on a fine autumnal evening, and occupies two nights and two days; this is connected with another, which had taken place about two months previous, in the island of Sicily, also occupying two nights and two days, which, besides being frequently alluded to in the course of the main action, is particularly detailed, during an interview between the heroine and one of the chief actors, and engrosses the whole of the sixth and seventh cantos. The scene of the main action is laid in the city of Pisa and



its neighbourhood; and that of the Episode, along the east coast of Sicily, and on Mount Ætna.

The work is divided into ten Cantos; namely: The Vigil—The Alarm—The Preparation—The Conflict—The Escape—The Conspiracy—The Volcano—The Procession—The Trial—The Developement.

As "tastes are different," this Poem may meet with admirers.

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE LAKES; or, MUCRUSS ABBEY.

A Poem, in Three Cantos; with Explanatory Notes, from the best and most approved Authorities. By Miss Luby. London. Longman and Co. and I. Ebers. 1822.

THIS Poem, which is accompanied by a long list of respectable and distinguished subscribers, must be read with pleasure by every friend of virtue. It possesses various qualities highly creditable to the taste, the talent, and the piety of the author. In language, and in sentiment, it certainly has merits which must ensure no inferior reputation. The Spirit of the Lakes, might, however, have been more judiciously governed, had orthodox judgment been consulted.

"To those who have witnessed the scenery of Lough Lane and Mucruss, the following lines," says the author, "attempting the descriptive, may perhaps recal sensations that must have thrilled through souls of sensibility, on a first view of the magnificent, awful, and stupendous region then before their eyes, softened down in contrast, as it is, by its blooming islands, and, generally, tranquil waters.

To those who have not yet enjoyed that happiness, this first Essay of an Enthusiast in her admiration of Killarney's Lakes, may not prove unacceptable; for, however conscious she may feel of the many errors in poesy that abound in her book, she still flatters herself that local description has not been distorted or exaggerated. With humble and firm serenity, she therefore consigns her work to the kindness of her numerous friends and subscribers, to the impartiality of those literary tribunals that, in general, so justly direct public opinion: and not having alluded in the most remote degree, to any subjects adverse to the interests of religion, her country, or mankind, she hopes that the loves of Adeline and Desmond may not sink into oblivion."

## EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1822.

THE ministerial arrangements which became necessary in consequence of the premature death of the Marquis of Londonderry, led his Majesty to return from the northern part of his dominions much sooner than was anticipated, and to lay aside for the present year, all thoughts of a Continental visit. His Majesty was rather indisposed after his journey home, but it gives us pleasure to say, he is now in his usual state of health and spirits. His Majesty is said to be much pleased with his late visit, and to express great admiration of the beauty and elegant simplicity of the Caledonian ladies. During the procession to Calton-hill, to lay the foundation-stone of the National Monument, no small sensation was excited by the various emblematical insignia borne by the different lodges, and in particular by the Stirling ancient Lodge, whose Tiler, habited in the costume of an old Gaul, carried a double-handed sword of vast magnitude and length. It will doubtless be gratifying to our readers to learn that this ponderous weapon was actually found in the field of Bannockburn about a century ago, and preserved as a precious relic by this very ancient lodge, whose original charter was granted them by King David of Scotland, of pious memory. We are also given by a correspondent to understand, that an Equestrian Statue of his Most Gracious Majesty, is to be erected in Edinburgh, in honor of the royal visit to that city: many of the Burghs have sent in their subscriptions to mark the sense of the honor conferred on them by the King's presence and condescension.

We have noticed the respect that his Majesty bears to every thing relative to the Royal Family of the House of Stuart. The King has many relics of them, and to those he has now to add another presented by a lady of the city of Edinburgh, upon the recent royal visit. We are forbidden to mention the lady's name, who belongs to a highly respectable family, and has been alluded to in works connected with the events of 1745. Prince Leopold was presented with a ring that belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, by the same lady, when he

visited Edinburgh. His Majesty wished to obtain a dirk that had belonged to Prince Charles, but the chieftain in whose possession it was, having declined to part with it (as we have heard), the lady alluded to declared her intention to present a knife, fork, and spoon, which had belonged to the Prince, to his Majesty, if he visited Scotland. These relics were placed in the hands of Sir Walter Scott, to be presented by him along with the gift of the Sisters of the Silver Cross. The King received them most graciously, and desired his warmest thanks to be conveyed to the lady, with the expressions of his regard for every remembrance of the "unfortunate chevalier," as he called him. At the Drawing-room and the Ball, the King took particular notice of the lady, and always speaks of her present in a manner which shows his esteem for the donor, and the high value he sets on the gift. The knife, fork, and spoon, are of the finest silver; their handles are richly embossed with the thistle, and the ends of them are adorned with the rose. The letters C. S. are shortly and conspicuously marked on them. They were manufactured in Holland, and consequently are impressed with the Dutch plate stamp. They are contained in an old case which the lady intended to have replaced with a modern one of morocco leather, but his Majesty's good taste preferred their ancient garb.

The appointment of Mr. Canning has not yet led to the consequences anticipated from it; and we will venture to add, never will have that effect. We believe the fact to be, that the British Cabinet was never more united than at the present moment. His most gracious Majesty is stated to have gradually sacrificed his indignation against Mr. Canning, (arising from the affairs of the late unfortunate Queen,) at the instance of Lord Liverpool and the Duke of Wellington, and he was fully prepared to admit that honorable gentleman into the Cabinet, when the death of Lord Londonderry afforded an unexpected opportunity. One impediment alone presented itself, and as a monarch conceded, an individual would not in honor, let his own private feelings conquer him. The publicity of the affair banishes the peculiar delicacy we always wish to observe. The person in question was the Lord Chancellor, who conceived himself to be uncivilly treated by Mr. Canning on the occasions of the Catholic Bill and the New



Marriage Act, which has given rise to so much equivocation; this however, gave way, on explanation of the real opinions and limits as to future practice; in consequence of which, the Lord Chancellor has assented to retain his high office and seat in the Cabinet; we cannot, therefore, see the necessity of so great a ministerial change as some of our contemporaries, and also a few of the daily journals, have pronounced as necessary. We believe, on the whole, that Mr. Canning concurs in the system of foreign policy favored by his Majesty, and pursued by the late Marquis of Londonderry, but on a more liberal plan, and favorable to the cause of the unhappy Greeks, from whence it is rather more than probable, he will attempt something in their favor. On the great question between the landed interest and the Government, the former, it is asserted, must reduce their rents to the standard of the times, which rests with the gentlemen themselves as to the calculation of arithmetic.

Ireland.—An association of respectable persons connected with the sister kingdom, has been entered into, to improve the condition of the Irish peasantry, and increase their comforts. It is to be upheld by subscriptions, which are limited to ten pounds; and a capital, amounting to more than two thousand pounds, has already been contributed for this desirable and benevolent purpose. A General Committee is to sit in London, while Local Committees are distributed to make frequent visits to the cottages of the neighbouring poor, and to give them printed plans of the Society, holding out a scale of encouragement and reward to the mothers of the families who display most cleanliness in their habitations and the appearance of their offspring. Premiums are also to be given to the males, who shall crop their grounds with the greatest care and economy, by cultivating the most useful vegetables or hardy fruit; the seeds of which are to be given gratuitously to those who seek them. Finally, every exertion on the part of the peasantry, by which their own decency, regularity, comfort, and health are promoted, and with benefit to the generation rising around them, as to example and industry, will be amply as well as generously remunerated by this laudable association.

Pitcairn's island.—It is well known that an independant

colony has been formed in Pitcairn's island, in the Pacific ocean, by the mutineers of the *Bounty*, commanded by Captain Bligh, and that the only population of the island consists of the mutineers, and their descendants by Otaheitan females, whom they took as wives. The following particulars respecting a spot which circumstances have rendered interesting, is from a private journal of the American whale-ship, the *Russell*, Captain Arthur, of New Bedford.

After speaking of the latitude and longitude of the island, which we do not deem it necessary to repeat, it says, "When we were about three or four miles off the shore, we were boarded by a crew of the finest young men I have ever beheld in my life, as we lay a-back upon the land.

"From all that I had otherwise heard and read respecting the inhabitants of Pitcairn's island, it induced me to have the following notice posted on the fore-castle of our ship, previous to having any sort of communication with the colonists.

"It is the impression of the *Russell* owners, that the most part of her company are the descendants of respectable families, and it is desirable that their conduct toward the islanders should verify that opinion. As this island has been but little frequented, they will be less susceptible of fraud, than a more general intercourse with the world would justify. It is ordered that the crew abstain from all licentiousness of word or deed, but will treat them kindly, courteously, and with the strictest good faith."

The captain then speaks of his and D'Aroy's difficulty of landing, and entertainment at the house of the venerable Governor John Adams, which consisted of roasted pigs, baked goats, yams, plantains, &c. and thus continues:—

"Previous to taking our farewell of Pitcairn's island, it may not be irrelevant to make a few observations.—The time and manner of the colonization are known to most general readers. John Adams, and six Otaheitan women are all that now remain of the original settlers. Forty-nine individuals have been born on the island, only two of whom are deceased, which leaves fifty-four persons on the island all in good health, among them are at least eleven young and stout men, willing to supply ships with fuel and water, or do any reasonable service required of them."

The French journals received this week, bring melancholy intelligence from Vienna as to the Grecian cause. They state, and we fear with truth, that the march of the Turkish armies have been sufficient to disperse at all points the Greek forces, badly organized and worse commanded. The Greek senate is dissolved. The Turks have possessed themselves of Corinth and the whole of the Morea, and the war in Epirus has been terminated by the capture of Suli. A private letter from Trieste, says, the disasters of the unhappy Greeks are confirmed; their cause appears lost, and they are fleeing on all sides to escape slaughter. The Austrian Observer states, that the plague has made an alarming progress in Albania, extending its ravages through Epirus and the Morea.



## THE DRAMA.

### THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE new comic opera of "Morning, Noon, and Night," from the pen of Mr. T. Dibdin, is unusually attractive. The characters are drawn with spirit, and in good keeping. The humor of the dialogue is supported in a chaste and original manner, and the performers most ably sustain the parts assigned them. The entertaining farce of "The Intrigue" has been revived at this house, to introduce to a London audience Mr. and Mrs. H. Baker, from the Bristol theatre, as Tom and Ellen: the *début* of this interesting couple met with a favorable reception, and their re-appearance in other characters seems to increase the attraction. Among other successful revivals at this house, we have been present at the comedy of "The Way to Keep Him," originally produced in three acts, and representing the history of Mr. and Mrs. Lovemore. It is, in fact, a lesson to the ladies, enforcing the necessity of a wife making amiable efforts to keep the affections of her husband as well as to gain them, and to



attend to herself as well after as before marriage. This portrait of the plot is redoubled with much comic effect by the addition of Sir Bashful Constant and his lady, and the contrast, in the fear of the fond, uxorious baronet, that he might be thought to be in love with his own wife. This leads him to assume an air of severity to her, particularly when in public, which affects her sensibility.

The representatives of the characters are not new to the stage, with the exception of Mrs. Chatterley's Mrs. Lovemore, on the London boards. Mr. C. Kemble was the gay, but really affectionate Lovemore; and Liston personified Sir Bashful Constant.

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### THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

THIS theatre, during the preceding month, has presented to the public an agreeable and attractive variety, which has produced the beneficial effect of drawing good houses. The new piece, entitled "Fair Gabrielle," has been so successful as to become a sterling favorite, as an operetta in two acts. The fair Gabrielle was, in reality, the beloved mistress of Henry IV. of France, the lady to whom he penned the following sentence, on the eve of a battle—"If I fall, my last thoughts shall be of Heaven, and my last but one of you." In this production of the drama, she is made the object of an honorable and virtuous passion: the royal lover offers marriage; but this she rejects, not only on account of the king's prior marriage, but from a high sense of loyalty and patriotism. The delineation is, however, well suited to the stage, and brightens the character of the lovely heroine. Mr. T. P. Cooke personated Henry with great effect; Miss Carew looked, acted, and sung her sweet airs, in so interesting a manner, that the attachment of the monarch to the fair Gabrielle, might seem to be fully justified. Miss Povey also appeared to advantage in an under-plot, that has for its basis the loves of Estelle and Eloi; the singing and acting of both were properly applauded. The author of the piece is a Mr. Planoe, and the music, which is pretty, and certainly above mediocrity, was principally composed by Colonel Livige.

**DRURY-LANE THEATRE.**

**F** THE alterations in this theatre, it is asserted, will be completed by the 15th of October, to open for a new campaign. Two hundred men are kept constantly in employ in the interior of the house; the whole, except the ornamental part, is now finished. An opinion may be formed of the alterations when we state, that close as the front boxes were reckoned to the stage, they are now nearer by one width; the side-boxes are also drawn closer to the stage, and the shape of the whole is a demi-circle, with the sides a little, but indeed, a very little, elongated. There are still private boxes under the dress-circle as usual, and behind the pit there is a sort of area, to afford standing-room when the house is crowded. Corbould's embellishments of the theatre are said to be taken from scenes in Shakspeare's most popular pieces of modern representation. A new Green-room has been erected on the outside of the theatre; and amongst the various entrances, which at this house are certainly superior to any other, is a new and most convenient one to the private-boxes. The rotunda and saloon have been renovated in a manner to reflect great credit on the proprietors of the establishment; and we are happy to hear, that Mr. Elliston is taking decisive steps to prevent the intrusion of improper characters, especially in the dress-circle, and that immediately over it. It is said, that somewhat more than ten thousand pounds have been expended in these alterations. We hear with pleasure, that Miss Stephens is positively engaged for the ensuing season. A comedy from the pen of Mr. Reynolds is amongst the early novelties.

We announce with regret, that Mr. Kean, who is in Scotland, is so seriously indisposed, that his medical attendants entertain very faint hopes of his recovery.

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**COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.**

The following performers are already engaged for the approaching season—Macready, Barclay, T. P. Cooke, and Miss Paton. The following are in treaty with the new management—Mr. Young and Miss Kelly. Miss Foote's health, we are sorry to say, is declining.







*Fashionable Walking & Evening Dresses for 1840*

*Invented by Miss Tappin, Edward Street, Portman Square.*

*Published by James B. Munday, Threadneedle Street.*

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THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR OCTOBER, 1822.

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EVENING DRESS.

COMPOSED of bright lavender-colored *tulle*, made with a stomacher front of satin and *tulle*. A full short sleeve ornamented with straps to correspond with the body: the waist is moderately long, and finished with a broad sash: the skirt is cut long, and ornamented with a rich trimming of blond and satin *rouleaux*, fastened together with bows at each point. With this elegant dress is worn a cachmire embroidered scarf, carelessly thrown over the arm. The hair is in full curls, ornamented with a plume of white ostrich feathers. Pearl ornaments; white kid gloves, and shoes to correspond.

HALF-DRESS,

A HALF-HIGH dress, of French-white colored China crape; the sleeve is long, and fastened to the wrist with a full cuff; the top of the sleeve is full, and confined with a trimming from the top of the body, which is cut in points, round the neck. There is a full trimming to the skirt, which is fastened with bands of satin, and finished at the top with a wreath of satin leaves. In addition to this, a full ruff round the throat may also be worn. A small open bonnet, composed of pink *gros de Naples* and satin, ornamented with roses and *tulle*. With this dress is worn an elegant blue China crape scarf and reticule of the same color. Gloves and shoes to correspond.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

THE following may be considered among the fashionable novelties for the present month:—

MORNING DRESS,

Composed of cambric muslin, with full flounces of needlework; the body is high; the back and front full in the waist; it has a lay-down collar of worked muslin. The sleeves are finished with borders of work to correspond with the bottom of the dress.

The most fashionable pelisse is composed of sea-green lutestring, edged with a border of small satin cords. Squar

lay-down collars are still worn; cuffs of points meeting, and finished with rings of cord; the tops of the sleeves somewhat to correspond.

DINNER DEESS,

Composed of lilac levantine, and trimming of the same material, cut and turned back in half squares, and finished in satin folds. The body is low; the front ornamented with a spray, and trimmed with blond: short full sleeves. Kid shoes of the same color, and white kid gloves.

French white lutestring cottage-bonnets with an elegant plume of feathers continue to be worn.—A lace cap with points of net, bound with satin, meeting at the crown, which shows the hair between each point.

We have been favored with an inspection of the above elegant dresses at the house of Mrs. Blundell, of Ludgate-street; which we beg leave to recommend to the notice of our fashionable readers.

We are also indebted for the following description of a beautiful dress, to an eminent house at the west end of the town. It was made for a lady of distinction, and formed part of her wedding wardrobe.—

WALKING-DRESS,

Of cream-colored Merino cloth—the body is cut high and tight to the bust, and is finished with a lay-down collar. It is richly embroidered with a very small piping of geranium-colored satin, formed into various flowers; the sleeve is cut full, and confined to the arm with straps; and at each point is a handsome tassal, which gives it a tasteful and elegant appearance. The skirt is cut full and finished at the bottom with a very beautiful shell. Trimming composed of Merino cloth and satin, in the first style of art. With this elegant dress is worn a cottage bonnet, composed of plush and satin, to correspond with the dress. A plume of feathers is carelessly placed on the left side, and fastened with a rosette of plush and satin,

Since his Majesty's return from Scotland, we have noticed at most of our fashionable places of amusement, that a great number of ladies have adopted plaid sarsenets and bombazines, in honor of his Majesty's visit to that country; and we have every reason to believe that plaids of all descriptions will be generally worn on the approach of winter.



## THE PARISIAN TOILET.

THE taste of the *marchandes de modes*, in the absence of all novelty at this season of the years, is wholly employed in flowers, worked in every variety of design. New combinations of colors enliven this part of dress from week to week, *Lacets* radiate the whole. At the "Theatre Français" lately all the ladies had abandoned head dresses entirely, and appeared with the hair chiefly in the *Ninon* taste,—that charming ornamental simplicity which captivates in all ages.

Others wear rose-colored hats, with a small brim, simply ornamented, at pleasure.—A hat of *gros de Naples*, has also made its appearance, with a broad brim, ornamented with crimped feathers of the same color.

Though the white still predominates in dresses, the share which the Scottish taffetas lately held, has considerably decreased.—The knots of gauze, cherry-colored, sky-blue, and citron, are on the wane; so is the rage for Italian straw, the vine-leaf ornaments, &c.

Pelisses are generally embroidered down the front, and richly ornamented with fanciful designs, particularly for walking, or carriage dresses; they are mostly formed of *gros de Naples*, and decorated with stock, or gilly-flower ornaments, of a natural color, upon white grounds.

Sky-blue and scarlet turbans are much worn: scarcely any appearance of shawl on the shoulders seems to be allowed. Worked reticules of *blouse negligée*, of the same color as the dress which is worn at the time, are generally carried: these are made quite square, and a flat piece of lace is put over the seams.

A white *blouse*, with the cachemire border above and below the girdle, and five circles that divide each *manche* into equal parts, also of cachemire is in great estimation.

A refinement in the use of colors has taken place at Paris; and milliners and dress-makers are equally busy in adapting it to hats and robes. It is a worked silk, the grain of which is extremely fine, and has received the appellation of the sea-nymph, (*Nereid*).—On all the shades of green silk, are attached flounces of *gros de Naples*, which at night present very different colors from those which appear by day-light,—viz, lilac, red, blue, and lapis lazuli.

THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



## EXTRACT

FROM "THE MARTYR OF ANTIOCH," A POEM, BY THE REV.  
W. H. MILMAN.

*SCENE—a Prison.*

CALLIAS, MARGARITA.

MARGARITA.

Alas! my father!

CALLIAS.

Oh! my child! my child!

Once more I find thee. Even the savage men,  
That stand with rods and axes round the gate,  
Had reverence for grey hairs: they let me pass,  
And with rude pity bless'd me. Thou alone  
Art cold and tearless in thy father's sorrows.

MARGARITA.

Oh! say not so!

CALLIAS.

And wilt thou touch me, then,  
Polluted, as thy jealous sect proclaims,  
By idols! Oh! ye unrelenting Gods!  
More unrelenting daughter, not content  
To make me wretched by depriving me  
Of my soul's treasure, do ye envy me  
The miserable solace of her tears  
Mingling with mine? She quits the world and me  
Rejoicing.

MARGARITA.

No!

CALLIAS.

And I, whose blameless pride  
Dwelt on her—even as all the lands, no more.  
The sculptor wrought his goddess by her form,

Her likeness was the stamp of her divinity.  
And when I walk'd in Antioch, all men hail'd  
The father of the beauteous Margarita;  
And now they'll fret me with their cold compassion  
Upon the childless, desolate——

MARGARITA.

My father,  
I could have better borne thy wrath, thy curse.

CALLIAS.

Alas! I am too wretched to feel wrath:  
There is no violence in a broken spirit.  
Well, I've not long to live: it matters not  
Whether the old man go henceforth alone;  
Or, if his limbs should fail him, he may seize  
On some cold pillar, or some lintel post,  
For that support which human hands refuse him,  
Or he must hire some slave, with face and voice  
Dissonant and strange; or——

MARGARITA.

Gracious Lord, have mercy!  
For what to this to-morrow's scourge or stake?

CALLIAS.

And he must sit the livelong day alone  
In silence, in the temple porch. No lyre,  
Or one by harsh and jarring fingers touch'd,  
For that which all around distill'd a calm  
More sweet than slumber. Unfamiliar hands  
Must strew his pillow, and his weary eyes  
By unfamiliar hands be clos'd at length  
In their long sleep.

MARGARITA.

Alas! alas! my father,  
Why dost thou rend me from thee, for what crime?  
I am a Christian; will a Christian's hands  
With tardier zeal perform a daughter's duty?  
A Christian's heart with colder fondness tend  
An aged father? What forbids me still  
To lead thy feeble steps, where the warm sun  
Quickens thy chill and languid blood; or where  
Some shadow soothes the noontide burning heat  
To watch thy wants, to steal about thy chamber  
With foot so light as to invite the sleep



To shed its balm upon thy lids? Dear sir,  
Our faith commands us even to love our foes—  
Can it forbid to love a father?

\* \* \* \* \*

### SCENE THE LAST.

CALLIAS.

Dead! she is not dead!  
Thou liest! I have his oath, the Prefect's oath;  
I had forgot it in my fears, but now  
I well remember, that she should not die.—  
Faugh! who will trust in gods and men like these.

OLYBIUS.

Slave! slave! dost mock me? Better 'twere for thee  
That this be false, than if thou'dst found a treasure  
To purchase kingdoms.

OFFICER.

Hear me but awhile—  
She had beheld each sad and cruel death,  
And if she shuddered, 'twas as one that strives  
With nature's soft infirmity of pity,  
One look to heaven restoring all her calmness;  
Save when the dastard did renounce his faith,  
And she shed tears for him. Then led they forth  
Old Fabius. When a quick and sudden cry  
Of Callias, and a parting in the throng  
Proclaim'd her father's coming, forth she sprang,  
And clasp'd the frowning headman's knees, and said,  
"Thou know'st me, when thou laid'st on thy sick bed;  
Christ sent me there to wipe thy burning brow;  
There was an infant play'd about thy chamber,  
And thy pale cheek would smile and weep at once,  
Gazing upon that almost orphan'd child—  
Oh! by its dear and precious memory,  
I do beseech thee slay me first and quickly,—  
'Tis that my father may not see my death.

CALLIAS.

Oh! cruel kindness! and I would have closed  
Thine eyes with such a fond and gentle pressure;  
I would have smooth'd thy beauteous limbs, and laid  
My head upon thy breast, and died with thee.

OLYBIUS.

Good father, once I thought to call thee so,  
How do I envy thee this her last fondness,—  
She had no dying thought on me.—Go on.

OFFICER.

With that, the headsman wiped from his swarth cheeks  
A moisture like to tears. But she meanwhile,  
On the cold block compos'd her head, and cross'd  
Her hands upon her bosom, that scarce heav'd,  
She was so tranquil; cautious, lest her garments  
Should play the traitors to her modest care.  
And as the cold wind touch'd her naked neck,  
And fann'd away the few unbraided hairs,  
Blushes o'erspread her face, and she look'd up  
As softly to reproach his tardiness:  
And some fell down upon their knees, some clasp'd  
Their hands, enamoured, even to adoration,  
Of that half-smiling face and bending form.

CALLIAS.

But he—but he—the savage executioner?

OFFICER.

He trembled.

CALLIAS.

Ha! God's blessing on his head!  
And the axe slid from his palsied hand?

OFFICER.

He gave it to another.

CALLIAS.

And——

OFFICER.

It fell.

CALLIAS.

I see it like lightning flash—I see it!  
And the blood bursts! my blood! my daughter's blood!  
Off! let me loose.

OFFICER.

Where goest thou?

CALLIAS.

To the Christian,  
To learn the faith in which my daughter died,  
And follow her as quickly as I may.

## THE CONVICT.

By T. B. G.

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BANISH'D for life, with many a sigh,  
The convict leaves his native shore,  
And sailing, views with wistful eye  
The land that he must see no more.

The days, when guiltless days were his,  
Too late he now reviews in pain,  
With sights of woe, and scenes of bliss,  
Of bliss he ne'er can feel again.

The village church, the cottag'd green,  
His father's grave, his mother's door,  
That mother, with distracted mien,  
The mother he must see no more.

The drooping maid, with love so true,  
For him her comfort's deadliest bane,  
The bitter sob and faint adieu,  
That he must never hear again.

These rush upon his wounded mind ;  
Now doubly dear, though dear before,  
They seem to say in every wind,  
" Poor Edward ! we must meet no more ! "

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LINES

WRITTEN BY A SAILOR.

SEE how beneath the moon-beam's smile,  
Yon little billow heaves its breast,  
And foams and sparkles for awhile,  
Then murmuring soft, subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,  
Rises on time's eventful sea ;  
And having swelled a moment there,  
Thus melts into eternity.



## SONNET.

AN! sweet, indeed, along life's dreary road,  
With some lov'd partner, hand in hand, to stray!  
Flow'rs bloom within their path, and cloudless skies,  
And gentlest suns, their course illume, who day  
By day, by duty and affection led,  
The allotted walk pursue—Not so with me,  
My path of duty I alone must tread;  
No kind, judicious hand shall e'er reprove  
Or guide me when I err; no voice of love  
My better hopes shall wake or animate  
My sinking zeal. But hush, 'tis Heav'n's decree!  
Let holier thoughts within my bosom rise;  
He cannot walk alone, who walks with God,  
And bless'd with Him no state is desolate.

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## THE SHRINE OF ST. AGNES.

WHEN thy vot'ries lowly bending,  
Ask thy aid, and claim thy care,  
Oh! with gracious smiles attending!  
Holy Agnes, hear our pray'r!

When we, by thy interceding,  
When no hope is left to cheer;  
At the Throne of Mercy pleading,  
Agnes, holy, hear our pray'r!

When the cares of life distressing,  
Fill our souls with dark despair,  
In that hour, when most oppressing,  
Holy Agnes! hear our pray'r!

When we pray with voice unceasing,  
Timely show each hidden snare,  
And from sin our souls releasing,  
Agnes, holy, hear our pray'r!

When with heart and voice imploring,  
We before this shrine repair,  
All our guilt and sin deploring,  
Holy Agnes, hear our pray'r!

When, like yonder sun, declining,  
 When the hand of death draws near,  
 When to thee our souls resigning,  
 Agnes, holy, hear our pray'r!

ANNETTE T\*\*\*\*.

Aged 15 years.

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### LINES ON THE KING'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

I HEARD a sough\* frae east to west,  
 Frae south to north it flew,  
 An aye it cried, "The King has come!"  
 Oh! can such news be true?

Shall Holyrood's grey tow'rs aince mair  
 Shelter a royal head?  
 I thought sic pride frae its auld walls  
 Had been for ever fled.

There's nae a glen frae Tweed to Spey,  
 But will wi' welcome ring,  
 Nor yet a voice refuse to cry,  
 "God's blessing on our King!"

My native land, I gie you joy,  
 Your braw, braw King to see;  
 He's welcome to our hearts and ha'st  
 The Monarch of the free.

GENEVIEVE.

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### TO LUCY.

FAREWELL! farewell! that form so dear,  
 Farewell each lovely eye,  
 Ah! now, we part, to meet no more,  
 But in yon azure sky.  
 The rank grass soon will wave its head,  
 O'er this poor throbbing breast;  
 Soon will that heart thy image lose,  
 Which, love alone, imprest.

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\* Sound.

† Halls.

And shouldst thou, faithless one, approach  
Where my remains are laid,  
Wilt thou, a sorrowing tear bequeath  
To please my grateful shade?  
Will mem'ry heave for me a sigh?  
Will pity's self be mov'd?  
When Lucy thinks that clay once liv'd,  
And her, too dearly lov'd.

Oh! not a tear for me will flow;  
No sigh will heave her breast;  
Cease, flutt'ring, dying heart, that hope,  
And haste thee to thy rest.  
Yet tell her, ere thy power is gone,  
Thy latest wish was this,  
That when thou'rt dead, and all forgot,  
Her own may live in bliss.

J. C.

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### THE WREATH.

BY MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

WEEP not that o'er the path he trac'd,  
No flow'ret bloom'd to bless his way;  
That life to him a dreary waste,  
Was all uncheer'd by pleasure's ray.  
Though warm in heart, and pure in worth,  
At fortune's sport he still was driven,  
Believe the wreath he miss'd on earth,  
Now blooms upon his brow in Heaven!

Then cease to trace the scenes of woe,  
That wrung the heart we mourn and love,  
But think that every thorn below,  
Has long since turn'd to flowers above.  
That even while we wept, the waste,  
To which his spotless hours were given,  
His Maker marked the path he trac'd,  
And angels wove the wreath in Heaven.



**Marriages.**

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Frederick Solly Flood, esq. of York-place, Portman-square, to Mary, only daughter of the Rev. J. Williamson, of the Valley-house, Cambridgeshire. At St. Mary's Lambeth, James Wood of Southwark, to Tabatha, only daughter of Joseph Humpleby of Brixton. At Courteenhall, Northamptonshire, T. R. Thellusson, esq. to Maria, sixth daughter of the Hon. Sir T. Macnaghten. In Dublin, John Armit, esq. to Eliza Gifford, youngest daughter of the Dowager Marchioness of Lansdown. At Langford, Derbyshire, the Hon. Henry Vernon, second son of Lord Vernon, to Eliza Grace, daughter of E. Cooke, esq. At St. George's Hanover-square, Sir John Douglas, Bart. of Springwood-park, Roseburgshire, to Anna, only child of the late R. Scott, esq. of Bedford. Robert Haymes, esq. of Great Glenn, to Miss Deel, sister of the late Mrs. Kirk of Welham lodge. Thomas Rogers, esq. of Leverton Notts., to Elizabeth, only daughter of Robert Sharpe, esq. of Elksley. John, eldest son of J. Atkinson, esq. of Leeds, to Mary, only daughter of William Hey, esq.

**Deaths.**

In Belgrave-place, Mr. Green, of the Strand. At Lothbury, near Newport, Mrs. Mansel, widow of the late M. D. Mansel, esq. At Margate, John Smith, esq. of Hatton-garden. In Green-street, Grosvenor-square, Mrs. Mary Miller, aged 93. At Volvertown-park, Hants, Anna, eldest daughter of Sir Peter Pole, Bart. M. P. At Edmonton, William Tanner, esq. Lady Perth, mother of Lord Gwyder, and widow of Lord Perth. In Hereford-street, aged 68, Lieut. Gen. Sir H. Oakes, Bart. K. G. C. B.

**NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

The following are received—The communications of Miss A. M. Porter—Anselmo,—J. M. Lacy,—G. H.—J. Hawkins,—M. M. J.—T. W. B.—R. K.—Anna—\*—Windsor Forest,—Wilton, a Tale—Example—Lines to Miss T—n,—Soliloquy—a Parody,—Is it True or False,—a Cockney—Sketch from Nature—Stanzas—Vicissitudes in humble Life.

In answer to A's questions respecting the orders, with which Sir R. K. Porter is invested—we are authorized to say, that the order of the Amaranth is worn to a red riband edged with light green—that of St. Joachim to a broader one of dark spinach green—The order of the Lion and Sun, to a riband of garter-blue edged with white.

Essay by G. shall appear as early as convenient.

Charade by G. H. if possible in our next.

We should be pleased to receive a continuation of W. L. R.—'s essay whenever it is convenient to him.

Mr. H. is informed that a second edition of Anecdotes and Biography by L. T. Rede, appeared in 1799, printed by Myers, Paternoster-row, for Crosby and Letterman, Stationers'-court.





*Painted by Miss Anna Emma Drummond.*

*Engraved by W. Heath.*

*Miss Fordel.*

*Sold Nov. 21. 1811. by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.*